

Craft Ceird Mala'gruber



Lámha **Lucy Reilly** agus bláthanna adhmaid snoite iontu. Baile Átha Cliath, 1992. grianghraf © Derek Spiers.

Hands of **Lucy Reilly** holding carved wooden flowers. Dublin, 1992. photo © Derek Spiers.

Lámha **Ted Maughan**, gabha stáin. Béal Átha hAmhnais, Co. Mhaigh Eo, 2016. grianghraf © MTSG

Hands of **Ted Maughan**, tinsmith. Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo, 2016. photo © MTSG

Ceird

Nuair a bhí mé 10 mbliana d'aois, thabharfadh m'athair giotai beaga (de stán) dom le hoibriú orthu. Níorbh mhiste leis mura dtiocfadh siad amach mar is ceart. Shaothraíomar ár mbeatha mar ghaibhne stáin. Shnoínn bláthanna adhmaid chomh maith. Dhathódh Brigid iad le dathanna glé – bandearg, dearg, buí agus dhíolfadh sí iad.

Jimmy agus Brigid Maughan, Ros Comáin.

D'oibrigh mé mar ghabha stáin. Ba le m'athair an stáca a d'úsáidfinn. Fuair sé i mbabhtáil é. Caithfidh sé bheith 90 bliain d'aois anois. Bhí sé déanta d'ancaire báid.

Martin Lawrence, Maigh Eo.

Nuair a bhíomar óg rachainn le m'athair ó theach go teach ag díol agus ag coiriú buicéad agus sáspan daoine mar mhalairt ar phrátaí nó ar mhóin nó ar rud éigin mar sin. Sholáthair sé bunriachtanais na beatha dúinn mar sin.

Mary Margaret McDonagh, Ros Comáin.

Chaití 'pócaí' chun giotai is píosaí tábhachtacha a choinneáil. Bhíodh siad maisithe le bróidnéireacht agus cnaipí. Dhéanfadh mná cnaipí a bhabhtáil nuair bhuailfimis le chéile. D'fhuaimis isteach inár bpóca iad chun cuimhne a choinneáil ar a chéile go dtí go gcasfaimis ar a chéile arís. Dhéanfadh mo mháthair bláthanna páipéir ó pháipéar síprise thart ar am na Nollag. Chuirfeadh sí bláthanna ar bhrainte cuilinn agus dhíolfadh sí ó dhoras go doras iad.

Mary, Maigh Eo.

Craft

When I was 10, my father would give me little bits of clippings (of tin) to work on. He didn't mind if it didn't come out right. We made our living as tin-smiths. I also carved wooden flowers. Brigid dyed them bright colours – pink, red, yellow and sold them.

Jimmy and Brigid Maughan, Roscommon.

I worked as a tin-smith. The stake I use belonged to my father. He got it in a swop. It must be 90 years old. It was made from a boat anchor.

Martin Lawrence, Mayo.

When we were small I would go with my father from house to house selling and fixing peoples' buckets and saucepans in exchange for spuds or turf or something like that. He provided for us in that way.

Mary Margaret McDonagh, Roscommon.

'Pockets' were worn to hold important bits and pieces. They were decorated with embroidery and buttons. Women would swop buttons when we met. We sewed them onto our pockets to remember each other until we met again. My mother made paper flowers from crepe paper around Christmas. She put the flowers on a holly branch and sold them from door to door.

Mary, Mayo.

